

Fall 1993

Fall 1993

Valparaiso University

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The Lighter



***The Lighter* Volume XXXIX issue one
Valparaiso University, Fall 1993**

Editors:

Lisa M. Montelpasse and Carolyn Blair

Art Editor and Graphic Designer:

Troy D. Abel

Faculty Advisor:

John Ruff

Literary Selection Staff:

Cindy Belletini, Jonathan Tad Ketchen, Kate Kitzmann, Patricia Ann Kleine, Joe Lehner, Christine Mueller, Tony Olinger, Julie Sievers, Heather Swanson, Heather Taneff, Lori Van Every, Kate Weizel, Shannon Welch

Art Selection Staff:

Jen Burger and Lisa Key

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Literature

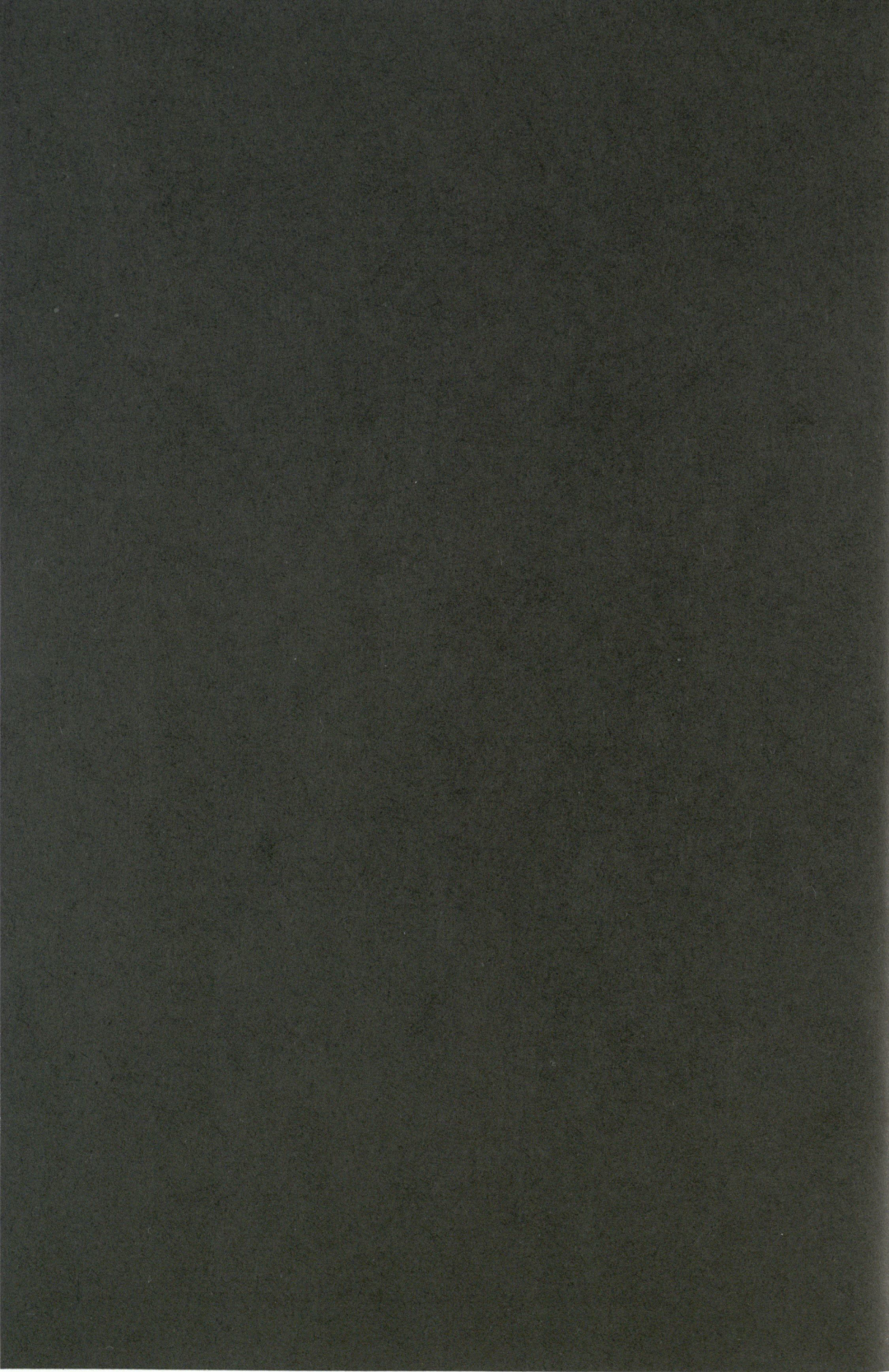
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The Lighter

Fall
1993



(conceived from "In Broad Daylight," choreographed and
performed by Julia Mayer McCarthy)

I.

Dressed in egg-shells and mother-of-pearl, I lather
the floor and eat the noon-light. With strangled hands
now peacock-blue, I quake, fight and pray. Mimetic.

II.

Cracked-open mouth and spanned arms, I am calling you.
I gather the distance between us and hungrily eat that, too.
Charged with your presence, my ribs begin to clatter.

III.

I want to house you so, carefully, I tuck and fold you
into my tender gown. Puckered and full, I bend and dance
so that we may share the beauty of motion once more.

IV.

Thank you, for pulling my rooted feet, and forcing me
to ride the air's back and fly. Thank you, for your steady
and faithful song, pulsing, tick-tocking and always alive.

Morpheus

**Erika
Harris**

My bed is violent, enraged. Its steel coils attack
me with their piercing songs and shark-tooth tips.

Pickled in cold wet fear, I wake with a scream-
coated mouth so that I may, once again, wrestle

with the ugliness of what I have done to her.
These images are bold, grotesque and reside

far behind my nervous eyes, waiting for the chance
to ambush dreams whenever my lids should fall.

I am haunted, gray and hungry for the sweet slumber
of children, cats. I want to crawl beneath my covers

with no need of sheep, Priests or pills and weaken
these terrorists of sleep, terrorists that look just like me.

he doesn't know I'm looking-and-that's fine
 he doesn't know I'm watching
 the hand to forehead
cigarette between index and middle fingers
 history
 biology
 theology-he doesn't know I'm studying
that I want to slowly crack open his ribs
 and crawl inside
 sleep inside his thoughts
 rest
 curl up in a fetal position and be
 there
knowing how it feels when he closes his eyes
gliding across the smooth white iris the pupil
 darkness
 I want to be
 his thoughts
 as he flicks
the last of the ashes
 from his cigarette

little roll

**Heather
Taneff**

my ribs stick out
and the skin sinks slowly down
laying on my bed
I look up
as I run
my fingers between the spaces
searching for meaning
I laugh

"not dying" I tell myself
instead of them
I press my hands hard
and let them grind
down the sides of my ribs
until they meet waist
and thighs

closing my eyes
I swallow hard
sucking in what air I can
they tell me
too thin
eat more
be fat
like us

holding
my breath I count to ten
and release the weariness
I peel myself
from the sheets
stand upright
and peer into the mirror

I have a little roll
like most women
but I am not saving
this for children
my skin is pale
Botticellian some say
with dark hair
and Irish eyes
I am
just a waif
to most

"not orphaned"
"not a boy"
"not twelve"
I remind myself
instead of them

standing sideways
sticking out my breasts
my ribs expand farther
I hang my head
low

damned by thinness

they say I will die
if I do not eat
like them
live like them
sex like them
hate
love
and kill
like them

But...
I am dying
I have been
since the moment of my birth
this body grows old
and mind slips
as do breasts

I have shed the skin of sickly child

this thinness
this frame
suits me well

there is meaning
here
lying beneath small bones

Not Saint Luke's Woman

**Heather
Taneff**

Regressing three centuries to love you
As a Puritan
this
is my only hope
of keeping us
together
Perhaps...
it is divine will
but then
you do not believe
you shame me
for crimes against me

bitten tongue dreams forgotten children
I would have wiped your feet with my tears
had you asked

All this while
a dagger in my side
and
I hide
the pain
to prove my love

And yet...
with other women
you lay down
sharing life secrets
while whispering vows
to me
I ask...
myself is this what is due?
I must have offended
You
God
the church
then
I realize
I do not need
to cling to colonial love
to take custody of my rape
stay home
breed
to be deemed worthy

I would rather
be
Heather
screaming out
fruitless
real



Miki Sato

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**

This

**Kate
Kitzmann**

I will not call this love,
for love is beyond us;
But I will allow him to settle
down upon me like a blanket,
securing me with his weight.
I feel the heavy burden
of his body lying on mine,
stifling my breath and numbing
the small of my back.
How many times will you
return to me for this?
This cannot fill my emptiness.
This is not real.
I feel nothing
but the pain
Incessantly pounding behind my left ear
as you emit your primal noises.

Lunch with Plato

**Kate
Kitzmann**

You told me
I must see myself through the material world
to spirituality;
that the truth could not
manifest itself
in words or picture-paged reality
or flesh
torn or perfected
or Cindy Crawford hair or
any mimicked aspect
of our image-bombarded lives.

I told you
that in flesh, divine presence
emanates
and creates truth;
is brought forth
like a glorious band of trumpeters
spouting joy
and proclaiming our embodied souls—
souls spiritually sound—
understanding
the manifest ideal

**Paul
Cook**

The world is brittle glass.
Ice offers a sharpness and a shattering -
The sun sheds only
Headache, from the glare
On the frictionless, slippery paths.
It hurts to pull your steps on the ice,
But the paths are lying in wait
To break your neck.

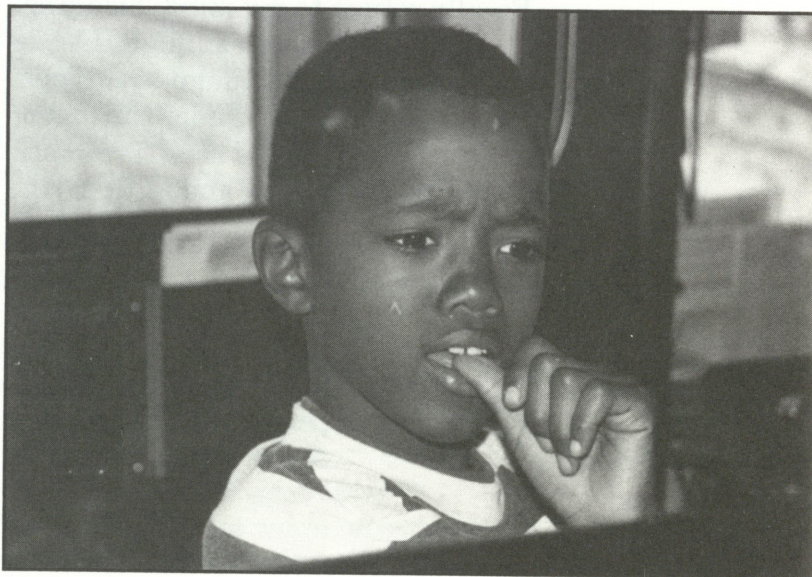
In this season
The heart is warmed only
By feeding inward
On remembered fire.
the muscles ache with the cold in
Our house;
Where we go to seek comfort there is only
More cold.

I come across a rabbit, dead,
Frozen after the accident
That grimaced its small jaw.
A plow exposed it, metal
Shearing off ice-clogged skin.
Snowdrifts are not warm burrows-
Snow freezes twistings,
Preserves ice-age pain.

Winter nights, it seems
The light will never come again.
How long, Oh Lord, till spring?
My head is rimed with ice,
My heart is a frozen lump in snow.

Icicles gather over dry eyelids.
Should you slide into a snowbank
Under this shadow,
Your heart will go long cold
Before you are found, months later-
For no sane soul sets out on wintry nights-
When your disfigured body is discovered
In the now-undreamed of thaw.

When I go and pass beneath trees
With the air cold on my exposed face,
I can almost understand
How it can all be one life -
Remembered smells of campfire-smoke, childhood
Halloweens of comic books and candy,
Moonlight on the Seine and red wine.
Octobers of last year and those before it
Finally return to my mind, blending.
Harsh sunlight bleeds
Everything to daguerreotypes.
Under the moon,
There is no difference
Between dark heavens, and dark earth.



Martin Thiel

**"Little
Black Boy
in the EL"**

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**

Return to Oakland Hills 1991

**Rhett
Luedtke**

Home.
Again.

October Oakland Hills 1991.

Where we drive
by Police blockades,
fire trucks, Grandmothers,
children and their tears
that wet the ground beyond
stretching fire hoses.
Their crouching dirty bodies
looking for trinkets
in the shells of houses.

Black, marred, and littered,
the innard guts of a fire
ravage our hill,
our home,
taking everything
except a graveyard
of chimneys
saluting
high into the air
in a staccato, black brick,
repetition.

And a few
left over houses

skipped
by the randomness of
wind.

5405?
Left us a chimney
with mom's burnt
twisted B.M.W.
in the driveway
that slid down
the hill into
Lichts back yard...

On Kincaid Ave
We hold each other
staring into the blackened streets
and brittle charcoal trees
while the wind blows soot
in our faces, powdering our
memories with a greyness.

Frost of the Heart

**Joe
Lentz**

He said it twice over before he knew himself:
"Can't a man speak of his own child he's lost?"
"Home Burial"

The way you think the way you read
Blame the Man
Why dig? There is nothing underneath
Blame the Man
man — Meaning? Reason? Feeling?
Contradiction!
Blame the man

His cold eyes reopened as I fed the earth
the void withdrew and residence changed
Death spawns death of love of birth
my own — my soul is estranged
through the pane stares my all
Blank verse meets apprehension
Adam emotionless at the fall
Ignorance breeds condescension
that it takes a distant Frost
to ease the ground's embrace
it scars my soul but it is lost
thus its absence from my face

Why does the flame
flicker on in spite
of returning pains?
Blame the dirt,
Blame the sky
and always
blame the Man

Poem for Oscar Wilde, My Hero

**Melissa
Wiersema**

When I found it,
your childhood home,
it was just 1 Marion Street.
There were no fireworks, or neon signs,
no one sitting on the steps reading De Profundis,
not even a plaque tacked to the wall,
no sign that you'd been there
at any point in time.
It was a solicitor's office now,
full of dull old men,
in grey flannel suits,
Disappointment crowded in next to me,
knowing they wore no daisies
in their buttonholes,
and carried no daffodils in their pockets.

The Land of My Childhood

**Heidi
Welling**

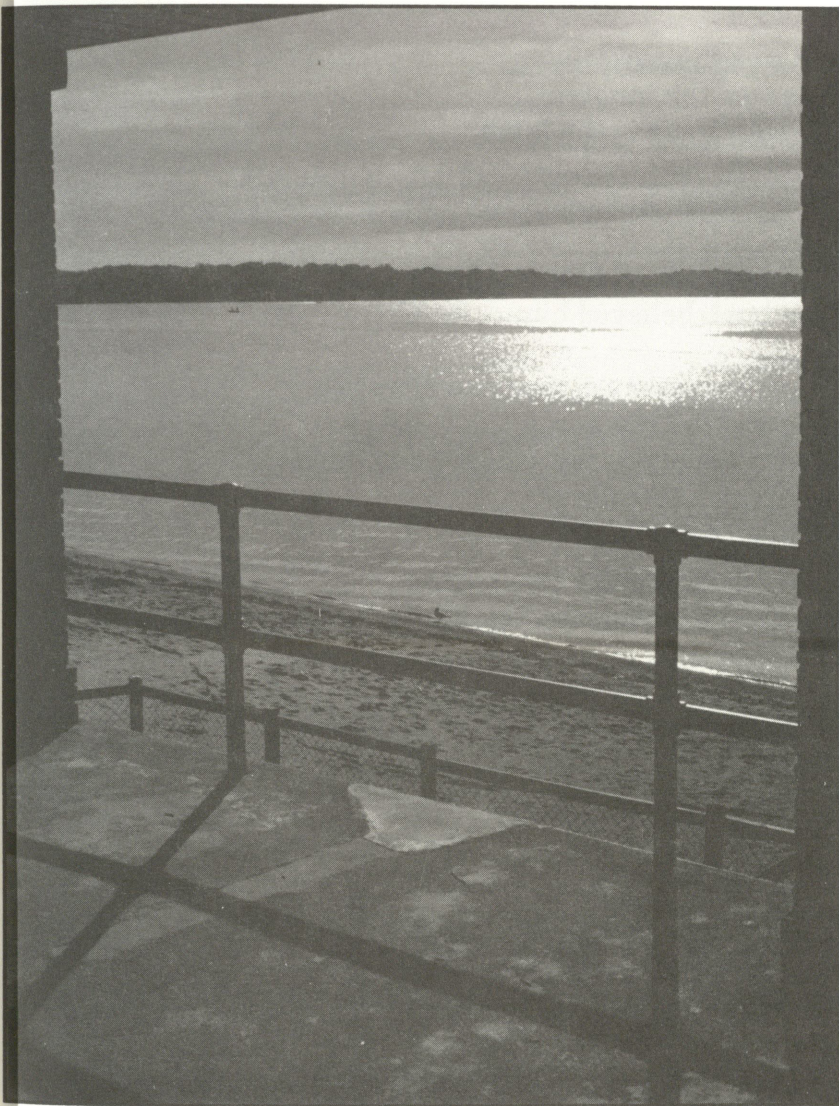
*Translated
from
the Finnish
originally
by
Lauri
Pohjanpää*

That forest was the world's bluest
and greenest that grass slope.
And often still in my sleep I wander
far, far back there.

And there were the world's prettiest
those violet flowered fields.
And so melodiously don't ring the churchbells
as there those bluebells.

And I remember the weeping birches
there in the verdant woodlands.
Nowhere so white do birches grow
as far away in my childhood land.

And through the birches never
does the sky shine so tranquilly.
Beneath it still in my sleep I wander
as my eyes become watery.



Valerie Schafer

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**

Physics

**Heather
Swanson**

He was the powerful.
She was the innocent.
He the lion, she the lamb.
"And the lion shall lay down
with the lamb."

The lion said, "I love you."
The lamb believed him.

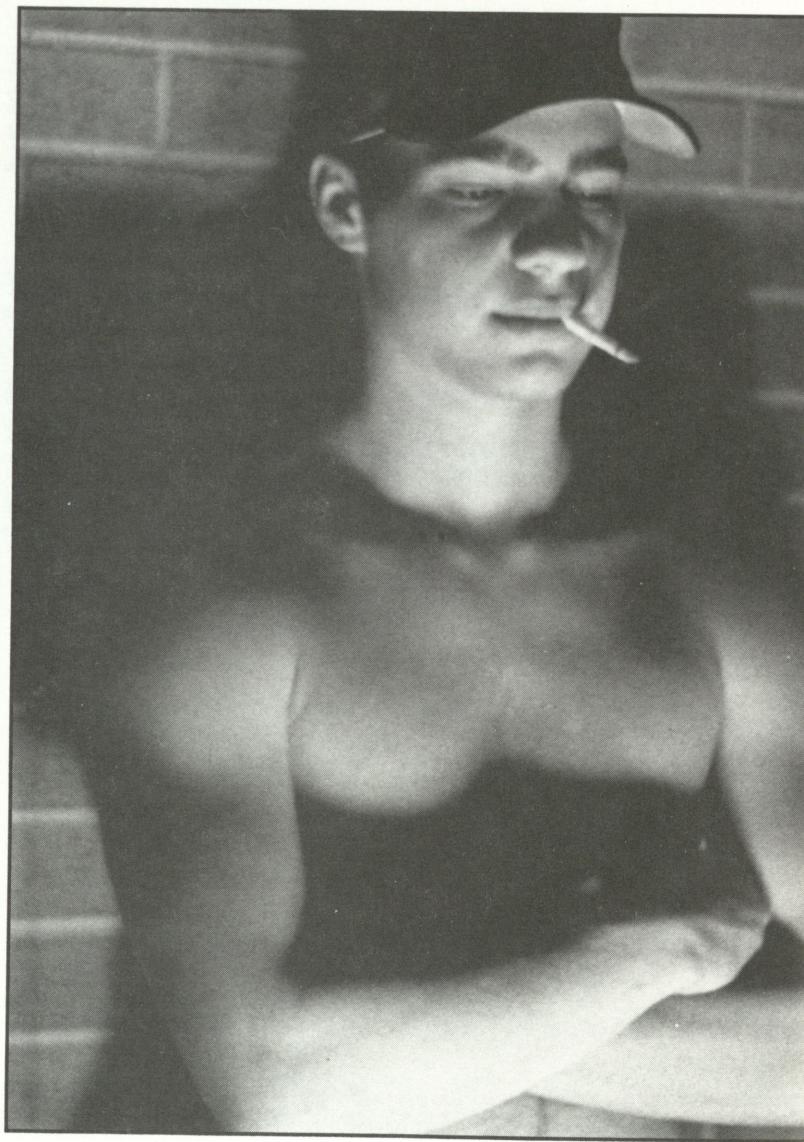
Force equals mass times acceleration.
The mass of his words,
Times the acceleration of his demands.
Do these equal force?
The lamb thinks yes.

Countdown to Succinction

**Kurt
Kluge**

Wordiness is dissolving
into a thing of the past.
What can be said can be
simplified. Paragraphs become sentences,
sentences - words, words - letters, and letters
are shortened
with apostrophes and shorthand, Codes

turn words into numbers,
poetry transfigured
into algebraic equations. Imagine
the tears, the laughter over
 $5x + 3 = 10$,
every art form yielding
an answer, where the meaning
of life becomes 7, translated
into stocking.



Fred Dorman

**5"x7"
gelatin
print**

Shower Can't Clean

**Kurt
Kluge**

Rape, sounds
like ape, smells
of drapes, musty and vomitous,
aged in a brothel of cheap
perfume and sweat, impersonal
and unfeeling as an Internal
Revenue audit. A cold, smooth,

unflushed toilet defiled
with forgotten urine, hair, and feces,
she is unable to swallow
such sourness or to bury
such grease-laden excretions
deep underground,
where rats, slime, and other wastes are
stacked up too high,
clogging pipes,
filling sinks,
where mom peels potatoes,
where dad shaves his face every day,

while some piss-hands guy
meets his girlfriend,
intertwined fingers,
for dinner.

Handy

**Linda
McMillan**

is history, and that damn
pizza he brought
every Friday is past
tense. I will feel
nothing for awhile. I
will put on that suit
of armor he gave
me, that knight, and protect
myself. But like a tiny chick,
I will fight
my way out to love again.

Mr. Fix-it has performed
his last job around my house.
From now on, what needs doing
I'll do myself.
I don't need a man.

I remember
the night
he risked
his life
on the
ladder
for me.

I covered my eyes and beseeched
God. I didn't want
to lose what I found.
When he later asked
me what was wrong,
I had to admit I had been praying.

I think
of him leaning
across my kitchen
counter, his slender
hands smoothing the petals
on the wallpaper
like the hands of a musician
gliding over a piano.

If he returns,
I'll ready the table,
and put on my grandmother's linens,
like a young expectant bride.

Whatever has gotten into me?

Undressing by the window,
the full moon lighting my room,
I want to run through the yard
naked, to feel the thick summer
air surround my body like the strong arms
of a man's embrace.

I ask friends
should I get a tattoo,
somewhere secret—
a place where only a lover would see?
They say it would only shock
the orderlies at the nursing home
when they bathe me.

I wonder if I'll die before I own
a grand piano, before I can play
a Bach rondo without making a mistake.

I wonder if I'll ever see the Orient
or kiss the tissue-soft skin of my child's
child's face.

I wonder if I will ever see a whooping crane,
or write a poem read only by strangers.
Will a man ever say, "only you,"
and mean it?



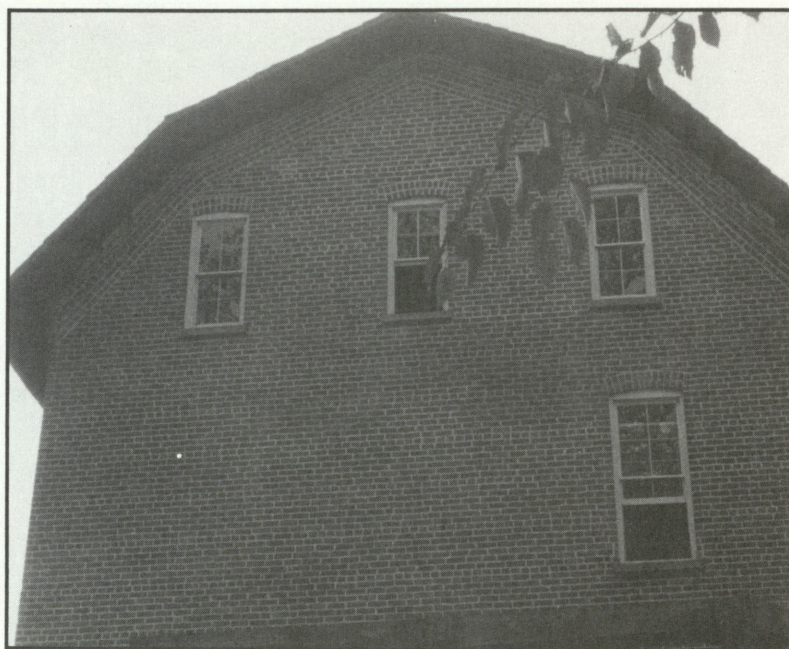
Chad Reichert

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**



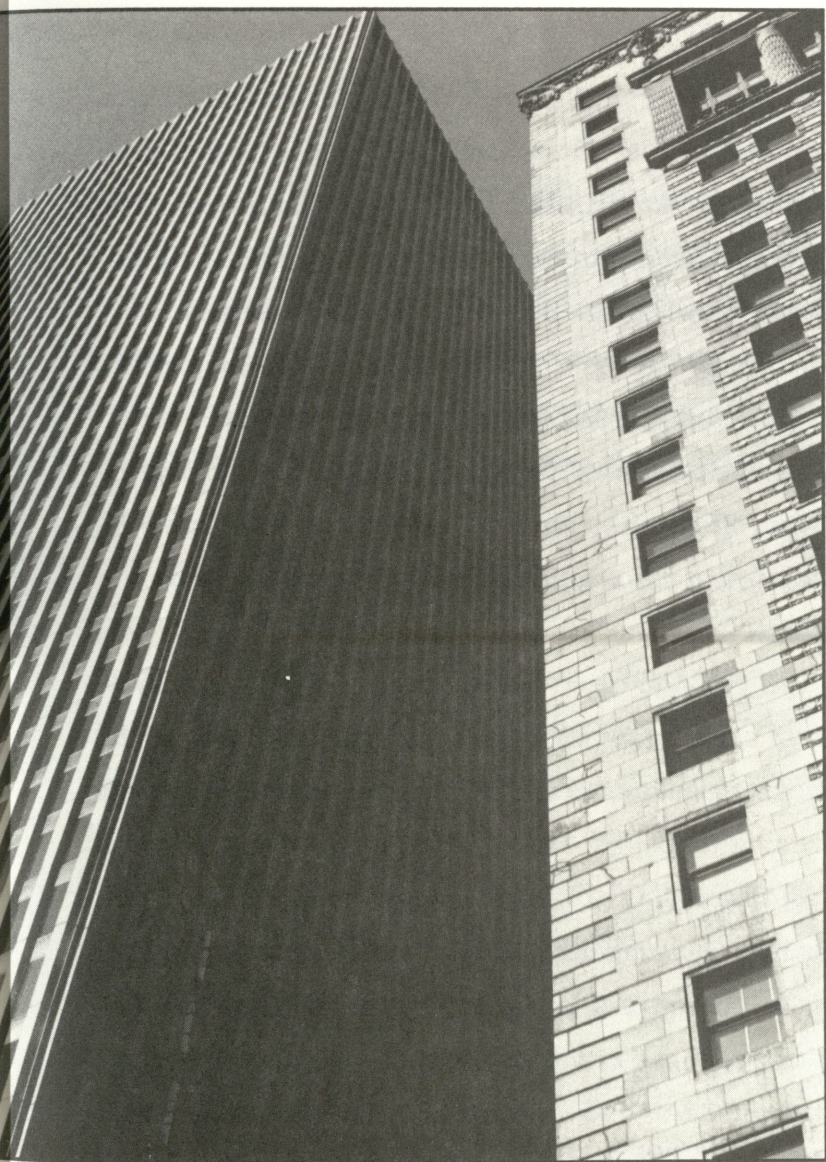
Chad Reichert

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**



Thomas Hein

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**



Thomas Hein

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**

Yellow Crane Tower

**Wang
Zhiguang**

*Translated
from
an Ancient
Chinese
Fable*

Once upon a time there lived in Wuhan Old Xing, a proprietor of a wine shop. It happened that a huge Taoist priest came in rags to the shop and asked for a cup of premium wine. Old Xing was thinking of having the beggar out when his kind-hearted son hurriedly offered the stranger a cupful; the priest emptied it and left without paying or even a word. The next day saw the same priest there and Little Xing offered him wine before he ordered. Every day the priest came and this lasted six months, but Little Xing was always happy about it. One day the priest said to him, "Hey, I owe you a lot of money and it's time to pay." Sure enough, he picked up an orange peel and scrawled on the wall. Soon a crane came into being. "Young man, at the clapping of your hands, the crane will come down to dance before your customers." But Little Xing took it for a joke. Three people came for wine and became curious about the crane on the wall. When told about the priest, one of them was fascinated and clapped his hands. Wow! The crane flew down. She fluttered and danced to the tempo of the clapping. After that she flew up and became a picture again. All the town came for the wonder. The greedy Old Xing did not allow the customers to see the dancing unless they bought 1,000 coins of premium wine;

and he became very rich within ten years. Then the priest returned, "Have I paid enough?" Little Xing replied, "We have become rich thanks to your crane." "Then I will take my crane with me." The priest laughed and produced a flute to play a fairy tune. A white cloud came to the window and the crane flew down. The priest rode crane and cloud away. Little Xing had Yellow Crane Tower built there.

Author's Note:

As one of the famous ancient relics, Yellow Crane Tower still stands in Central China today. Merry and sustained magnanimity on one's own initiative brings spiritual enhancement and wealth. The moral qualities of Little Xing belong among typical merits that the Chinese mind upholds.

Broken

**Alice
Boswell**

Twist my arm.
Make me love you.
You're all impact
Dressed up like a shotgun
and nowhere to go off.
So full of fire, fists, and fuck.
You never felt so alive as this.

The walls tremble in your presence
And the old cross my father sent me
hangs on a string,
rattles,
beats drums, rhythms into black
Right here in the face of God
I lay myself o p e n
I'm finding new ways to hate every day.

Morning walks swiftly in my room.
Today crawling starts early
And I find a new corner of the kitchen to love.
I'm tired of living in these wallflower gardens
Where the air is thick and dusty
And I can't breathe
With your hands wrapped so neatly 'round my throat.
You paint me with love
But I know I wasn't born this color.
Yes, I ache in the midst of expression.

I'm coming home to this car crash existence
every day.
Teeth tearing metal love
Ripping threads bear skin
Bringing blood to mouth
And warm suckling down below.
Come on
Make me love you
Twist my arm.

The Picture- dedicated to my brother

**Joyous
Prisk**

This is the room of the young man who, since I was born,
has worn a pouty scowl on his pale face;
who used to get D's and E's in every subject but science
and always won first place at the Invention Fair;
who hated his twin brother and chased him through
the unfinished rooms of our house
with a sharpened butcher's knife;
who never worked until he was seventeen,
except for a brief paper route he sometimes neglected;
who hated to take a bath on hot summer days and
never cut his long, sharp toenails;
who was a green space alien for Halloween;
who married the girl across the street when he was seven
years old and let me be the flower girl;
who lit the candles on the altar with his twin brother
at our father's third wedding;
who never cared about what he wore until he discovered
the Gap, where he would make our mom spend hundreds
of dollars on jeans and sweaters and striped T-shirts;
who never had a girlfriend until he met
his now ex-bestfriend;
who was obsessed with gymnastics and won first
place medals on rings and horse and high bar;
who has a color Picture of his real mother that he'll
never know on his white wall unit by his large
double bed;
who acknowledges his family when he wants money
to buy him a new car to take him to Grandma's
where he got the color picture of his
natural mother;
who never calls the woman he lives with anything but MOM
because without her he'd be nothing;
who went away to the Airforce Academy
but came home because he was
homesick and pissed us all off;
who I love just because I know it takes a lot to
forget someone very important
he never even knew.



Shawn Primavera

**"Comedians
Live"**

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**

Hey, I love you
But I can't tell you that
It makes too much sense
We have to play these games
And act like we're still in 6th grade
But all I did in 6th grade
was watch baseball on TV
Maybe that's why I'm doing this now.
Hey, I love you.
Go Blue Jays.
6th grade wasn't so bad after all.

Heather Taylor

For eons, the planets circled each other in seemingly arbitrary orbits, the angle at which they crossed paths ever-changing in their cosmic dance. Every few thousand years they had rushed past each other, the close calls becoming closer and more frequent until the moment the two majestic giants collided, the crash silent in the vacuum of space. Small bits hurtled through the universe in all directions. A million lifetimes later, a jagged half-meter chunk of basalt speeds through the void, until its fateful encounter with the atmosphere of the Earth. As it barrels through the invisible air, it begins to turn red, then blaze white-hot as it is consumed by the heat and fire in a final moment of glory.

On that brisk autumn evening, as they walk through the park, casually brushing against each other, holding hands, eyes on the stars, minds on each other, a brilliant flash of light starts at the zenith and streaks down the sky's dome just in front of them, burning a trail the eye remembers for several seconds. Simultaneously, they stop in awe; each knows the other had seen it. Silently, they turn toward each other, and he pulls her close.

As they kiss, in the far reaches of the heavens, two planets meet in a cosmic collision of unbelievable magnitude, propelling pieces outward toward infinity.



Suzanne Benedum

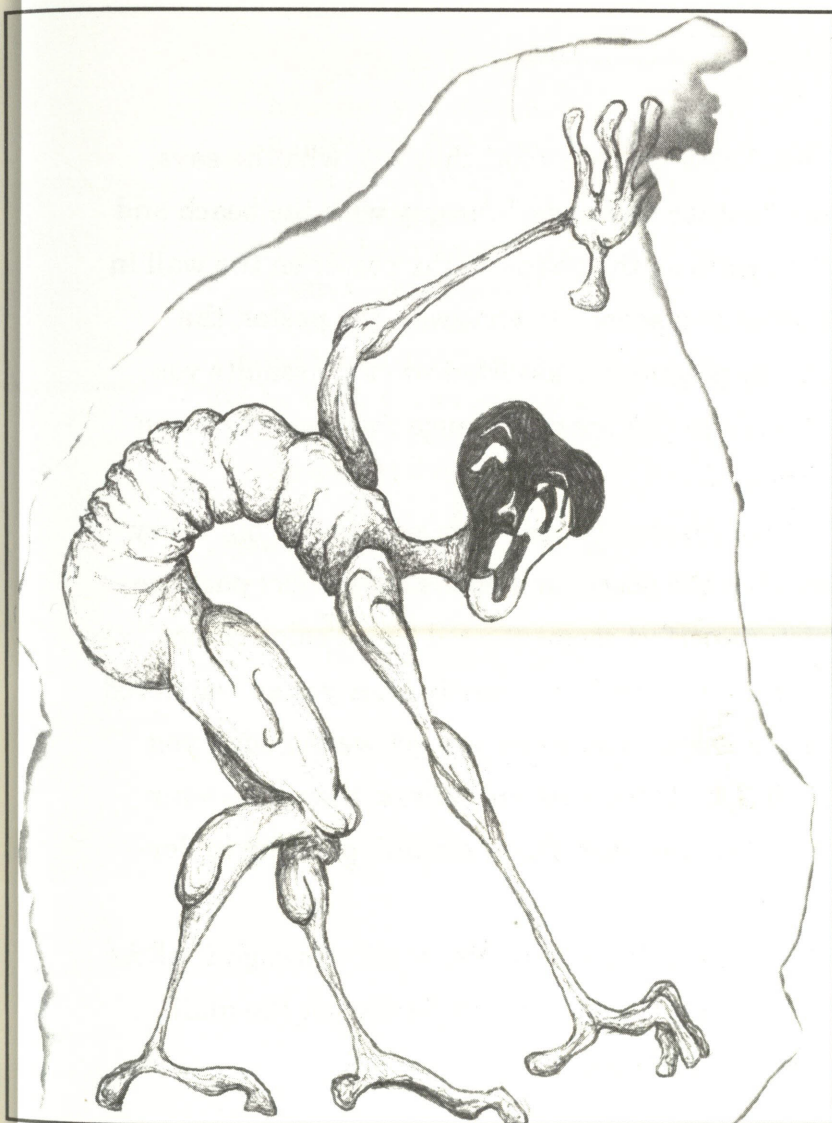
"Scruffy"

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**

postage due in june
r.t.p.f.

Joe
Lehner

MY BLOOD PAINS
ALL OVER THIS PAGE
STAINS GO THE EVIL WAYS
INTO FUNNY-LOOKING HEARTSHAPES.
THEY SHOULD LOOK FAMILIAR
TO YOU DEMON GIRL
THEY'RE DOWN THERE WHERE YOU CAST THEM
HERE IN THE BOG OF HATE
THAT YOU NOW CHOKE ON.
SO DO IT WELL (for once) SO
WE CAN CREMATE IN COOL CONSERVATION
HERE ON THESE PYRES OF HATE.



Phil Farsalas

3"x5"
pen & ink
drawing
notebook
paper

**(thank you mr. postman)
nra pt. III
august**

**Joe
Lehner**

you know it's true what they say, what he says, mr. "author unknown," the guy with the beach and the prints on the beach on the poster on the wall in a room in a school or whatever- the poster, the cheesy plaque, the assorted ways it assaults you all used to tick me off because they were *so damn cheesy*.

i hate cheese. i'm not from wisconsin. but every so often the postman delivers the perfect package picture perfect moment need based solution not what you wanted necessarily after you've wandered long enough. and when you get well enough you realize that those weren't prints, they were your friends', they were the postman's printing underneath it all.

he's finally found you after it all. through it all he was always there until you finally got the mail, from mr. postman.

what do you mean?
how can you even ask
a question like this to
a girl like that
in a state like this?
did abraham lincoln wear
a target or something?
the guy who got his
head bashed in last week-
did he wear a provocative hat?
no one asks for this
no one wishes for this
THIS ISN'T FUNNY
you bastard blame-shifting
blank spineless lout
ask something
that means something-
what can i do to help?



Darryl Yetman

**8"x10"
gelatin
print**

A peeling nose is the only outward sign
you were there.
But what happened to your heart?
What happened to your mind?
Everyone there was like you.

Queer. Fag. Dike. Queen.

What was it like?
To be in a world so different from what we live in
day to day?
To be in a world where
you are the same?
To share in a Festival of Love in a place where
hate and fear and ignorance pass judgment.

You must continue to March.

It's different now.
Your strength and safety cannot rely on the
numbers and emotions of the day.
You can remember. You must remember.

And you must never again March alone.

For
Jill, Roy, Ann, John, Lynda, Mel, Ruth, Alan, Denise,
David, Joan, Pat, Sylvia,
Freda, Bill, Lance
and all the others

(monologue)

**Kate
Weizel**

KELLY: The first time your boyfriend gives you a black eye, you don't really think about it. Yeah. You've been in love for six months and you've had your ups and downs. Sex is great, but the fights aren't: You yell. You scream. You punch a hole in the wall. You drive off in the car and cruise the strip for a while, just smoking and thinking about the first day you met in the bar on 49th Street, when you dropped your lighter into your Miller Genuine Draft and almost burned the whole damn place down. And the son of a bitch was sitting there laughing at you. He'd put out that fire if you'd start one with him. So you did. You took a chance with a self-professed fireman, and ever since then you've been driving around for two hours after every fight you have. Sure, you go home after a while and after one or two spectacular orgasms everything seems fine, just like before. And the process repeats itself week after week, except one week you don't punch the wall — you punch him instead. So all of a sudden he hits you back. His first hits your face and you land on your ass from the shock of the blow. You know he didn't mean it, but there you are sitting on the floor with a cheek and an eyebrow beginning to swell. He just stands there and says he's sorry, he didn't know what happened, and neither of you leaves the room. After a minute you forget what the fight was about and all of a sudden your clothes are gone and the sex is more intense

than it's ever been. You fall asleep in each other's arms and you think Everything Will Be Okay. And sometimes it is. And something there's a second fight, and you're on your ass again. Except this time he gives you a Ziploc bag filled with ice cubes, grabs the car keys and the cigarettes, and leaves you there in the apartment by yourself. What are you going to do? You sit there, cheek bruised and throbbing, trying to figure out what to do next. Are you going to wait for him to come home? Are you going to decide it's worth two hours, three gallons of gas, and a half a pack of cigarettes every few nights in exchange for a couple days' worth of uneventful bliss? Or are you going to pack you bags, take your cigs and your boots and the few tapes you can carry, and get the hell out of there before the broken things are bones instead of nails. Or hearts.

(the poet)

**Kate
Weizel**

this poet bites
his pencil

enamel touching graphite,
flakes of yellow-gold
scattering across the page

a colorful mess

verses composed of paint
wood and the
red rubber dandruff of
what used to be an eraser
cover the parchment

the breath of angels
the sweat of his hands
the failures of language
merged in the dark pinkish
grey smudge of reality
where a title should be

My ankles crossed
On bent and broken grass
Gather sunlight
And drink in deep
Filling themselves
To a rosy glow

The flags of evergreens
Cast shadows fluttering
Like the dark shawls
Of mourning old women

They tempt and tease
Reaching towards me
Nibbling at my toes

The wintry steam
From my evening cuppa
Trails down fingers
Tired and crusted
With bits of fragrant soil

The teapot sits beside me
Blue and white chipped china
Content in watching the sun
Lie its head
Upon the arms of the hills

The Coming of Cuchullain

**Heather
Gorman**

"Cast your mind on other days
That we in coming days may be
Still the indomitable Irishry"

- W.B. Yeats

Deep in the enclosing womb
Earth
Stone
And bone
Ancient sinews shiver
In present wind

Eyes spark
Shining in the dark
Stretching old powers

Fingers open slow
Once the strongest
Reach
Clawing away dirt

At the dark of moon
The sod parts
The mound opens
Shoulders pull
From shading dirt

His head raised
Sniffs the wind
Gold and bronze chime
Against his unquiet thighs
In forgotten battle tunes

He faces north
Orange fire
Flashing
The edge of his spear
Studded with gold nails

Sandaled feet
Calves
Gartered in leather
Take the ground
In their fists
And pound it

The hound has returned

The Lament of Deirdre

**Heather
Gorman**

My shining men
So brilliant
You ache the eyes
Even as you lie
Still three brothers
Together in death

My beautiful boys
Noisiu most bright
Your strong slow hands
And lips red
As rowan berries
No longer
Will brush the nape
Of my neck

No longer
Will you run swift
As roe deer
Nor will your spears
Fly like hawks
In the summer sun

What good
This hair
These eyes
Of mine
So dirty
With your tears

I will spread myself
As a cloak
To keep
Your cold silent bodies
Warm
Like spring sun
On the grass
Like my hand
Over yours

Contributors Notes

Suzanne Benedum is a senior Art major from Havelock, NC. She's taking it easy her fourth year, concentrating on her art and photography.

Alice Boswell is a junior Marketing major and Psychology minor from Winamac, IN. Her poem "Broken" is dedicated to a friend who got stuck in a car crash existence.

Paul Cook is a senior Psychology and French major from Rochester, NY. He spends most of his free time down at The Torch trapped behind a computer. After graduation he plans to take some time off and sleep.

Fred Dorman is a sixth year senior from Bloomington, IN. He is a Mechanical Engineering major and this is the first chance he has had to take a photography class. He enjoys mountain biking and the outdoors.

Phil Farsalas is a sophomore Civil Engineering major from Park Ridge, IL. He isn't used to having free time so he doesn't know what to do with it when he has it.

Heather Gorman is a junior English major from Western Springs, IL. She is in four choirs, loves photography and Ireland; she also makes and sells jewelry.

Erika Harris is a senior Philosophy major and Writing minor from Gary, IN. "All I simply want is to forgive my imperfections." —EH

Thomas Hein is a senior Engineering student from Rolling Meadows, IL.

Kate Kitzmann is a junior with a double major in English and the Humanities from New Ulm, MN. She wants to return to England and live there someday. Kate also wants everybody to know that she is enamoured with Virginia Woolf, Elvis, and e-z-cheese.

Kurt Kluge is a senior Geography major from Wheaton, IL. He plays guitar, is an avid sports fan and would like to be a writer.

Joe Lehner is a fifth year senior majoring in English. He hails from Rockford, IL. He loves to watch square dancing in the Union Great Hall (but don't tell anyone).

Joe Lentz is a senior Political Science/History major. He is from Hammond, IN and is a member of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

Rhett Luedtke is a junior Theatre major from Orange, CA. He recently appeared on the VU stage in "Our Country's Good." He can be seen around campus with his skateboard in hand and is very hard to get a hold of!

Linda McMillan is a graduate student from Valpo pursuing her M.A.L.S. degree. She loves classical music, sings with the Choral Society and would like to go into publishing.

Shawn Primavera is a senior from Corydon, IN.

Joyous Prisk is a first year student from Glen Ellyn, IL. She is an Elementary Education/Child Psychology major who likes to play guitar.

Chad Reichert is a junior Photography/Graphic Design major from Crete, IL. His future plans include graduate school for photography.

Miki Sato is a junior from Yokohama, Japan.

Valerie Schafer is a senior from Plymouth, IN.

Jon Slock is a junior Accounting Major from South Bend, IN. He is a pathological liar who adores spontaneous acts of random mayhem and french fries. He has had numerous identity crises involving Charlie Brown.

Heather Swanson is a first year English major from Crystal Lake, IL. She has always wanted to skydive.

Heather Taneff is a junior English/Political Science major from Crown Point, IN. At one point in her life she had blue hair and a nose ring.

Heather Taylor is a sophomore Computer Engineering major from State Center, IA.

Martin Thiel is an exchange student from Germany majoring in Physical Education and Geography. He is planning to study in Chicago on the Urban Studies semester and is teaching a Latin dancing course for Union Board's Mini-Courses.

Heidi Welling is a junior English/East Asian Studies major from Finland. She grew up in Taiwan and enjoys photography and writing in her spare time.

Kate Weizel is a junior English major/TTVA minor from Bowie, MD. She enjoys writing, theatre, music, reading, comic books and other assorted strange behaviors. She plans to go to Cambridge in the Fall of 1994.

Melissa Wiersema is a first year law student from South Bend, IN. She got her B.A. in English from Aquinas College. Her "Poem for Oscar Wilde, My Hero" was written in Dublin in 1992.

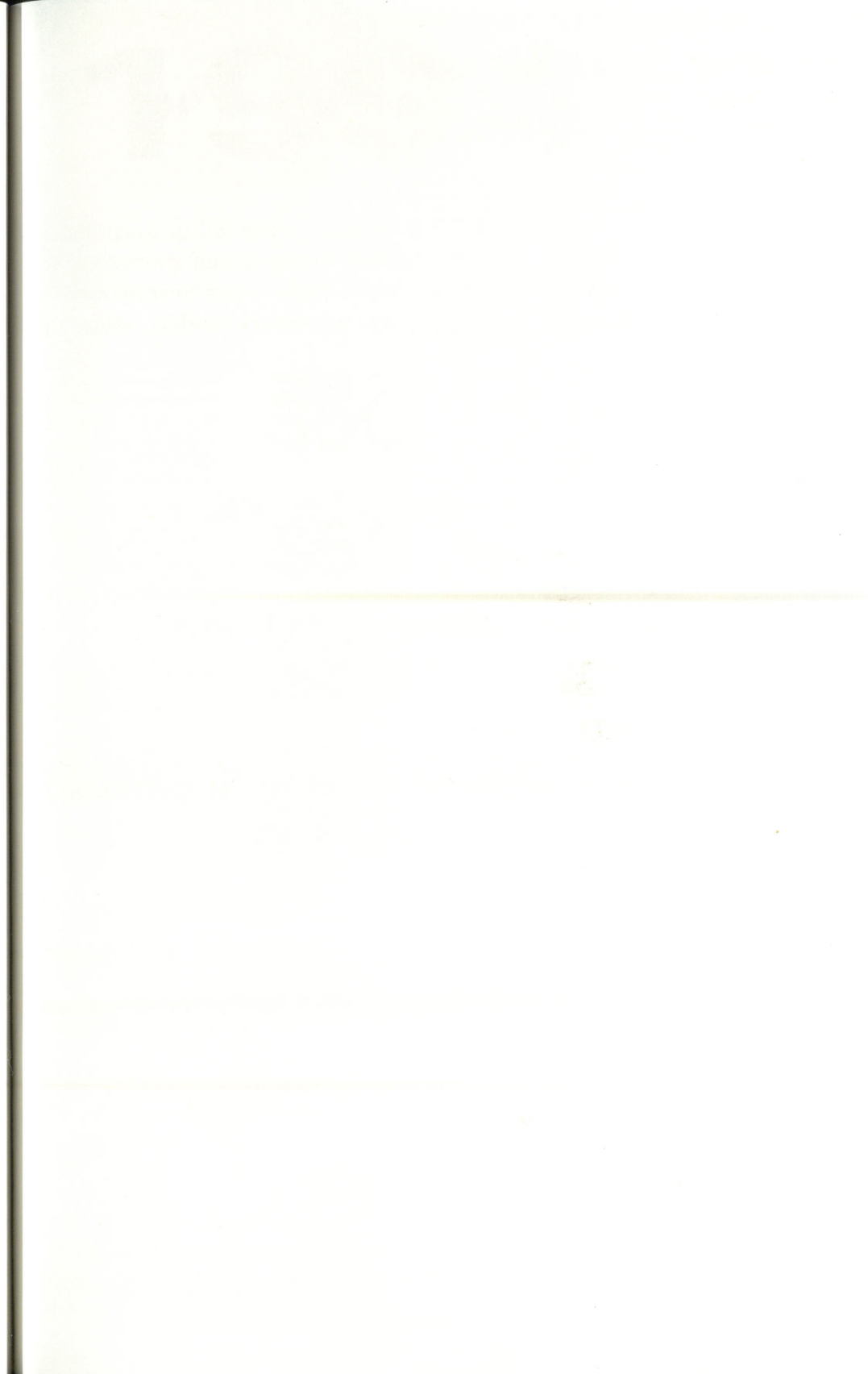
Darryl Yetman is a senior Graphic Design major/German minor from Catonsville, MD. He enjoys art, travelling and swimming. He spent a semester in Reutlingen.

Wang Zhiguang is currently a visiting scholar at VU. He is an Associate Professor of English at Foreign Languages Institute of Hangzhou University.

Question for an Epilogue

**Heather
Taylor**

After the last page has been turned,
The adventures over, the mystery solved,
The smoldering passion ignited permanently,
Can the ravishing, golden-haired heroine
And her handsome, well-built lover
Ever sit down to eat leftover casserole
And discuss getting crabgrass out of the lawn?



Question for an Epilogue

Heather

Taylor

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1994 *wordfest*

All Valparaiso University students are invited to compete for the following literary prizes. Submit one copy of your work without your name: attach a cover sheet containing your name, address, phone number and title(s) of work(s).

poetry
\$50

short fiction
\$50

non-fiction prose
\$50

academy of american poets prize
\$100

*Deadline for contest submission 5 p.m.
March 25, 1994
English Department office (Huegli 224)*

Prizes will be announced at a reading and reception on Thursday, April 21, 1994 in the Lumina Room of Huegli Hall.

inside:

Benedum

Boswell

Cook

Dorman

Farsalas

Gorman

Harris

Hein

Kitzmann

Kluge

Lehner

Lentz

Luedtke

McMillan

Primavera

Prisk

Reichert

Sato

Schafer

Slock

Swanson

Taneff

Taylor

Thiel

Welling

Weizel

Wiersema

Yetman

Zhiguang